

Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford.

Buc. There they be, that dare and will disturb thee: Know *Cade*, we come Ambassadors from the King Vnto the Commons, whom thou hast misled, And heere pronounce free pardon to them all, That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye Countermen, will ye relent And yeeld to mercy, whilst 'tis offered you, Or let a rabble leade you to your deaths, Who loues the King, and will imbrace his pardon, Fling vp his cap, and say, God saue his Maiesty. Who hateth him, and honors not his Father, Henry the fift, that made all France to quake, Shake he his weapon at vs, and passe by.

All. God saue the King, God saue the King.

Cade. What Buckingham and Clifford are ye so braue? And you base Pezants, do ye beleue him, will you needs be hang'd with your Pardons about your neckes? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leaue me at the White-heart in Southwarke. I thought ye would neuer haue giuen out these Armes til you had recovered your ancient Freedome. But you are all Recreants and Dastards, and delight to liue in slauerie to the Nobility. Let them breake your backs with burthens, take your houses ouer your heads, rauish your Wiues and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will make shift for one, and so Gods Curse light vpon you all.

All. Wee'll follow *Cade*,
Wee'll follow *Cade*.

Clif. Is *Cade* the sonne of Henry the fift, That thus you do exclaime you'll go with him, Will he conduct you through the heart of France, And make the meaneft of you Earles and Dukes? Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye too: Nor knowes he how to liue, but by the spoile, Vnlesse by robbing of your Friends, and vs. Wert not a shame, that whilst you liue at iarre, The fearfull French, whom you late vanquished Should make a start ore-seas, and vanquish you? Me thinks already in this ciuill broyle, I see them Lording it in London streets, Crying *Uillago* vnto all they meete. Better ten thousand base-borne *Cades* miscarry, Then you should steepe vnto a Frenchmans mercy. To France, to France, and get what you haue lost: Spare England, for it is your Native Coast: Henry hath mony, you are strong and manly: God on our side, doubt not of Victorie.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford,
Wee'll follow the King, and Clifford.

Cade. Was euer Feather so lightly blowne too & fro, as this multitude? The name of Henry the fift, hailes them to an hundred mischiefes, and makes them leaue mee desolate. I see them lay their heades together to surprize me. My sword make way for me, for heere is no staying: in despite of the diuels and hell, haue through the verie midst of you, and heauens and honor be witnesse, that no want of resolution in mee, but onely my Followers base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake mee to my heeles.

Buc. What, is he fled? Go some and follow him, And he that brings his head vnto the King, Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his reward.

Exit some of them.

Follow me souldiers, wee'll deuise a meane,
To reconcile you all vnto the King.

Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queene, and Somerset on the Tarras.

King. Was euer King that ioy'd an earthly Throne, And could command no more content then I? No sooner was I crept out of my Cradle, But I was made a King, at nine months olde. Was neuer Subiect long'd to be a King, As I do long and wish to be a Subiect.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buc. Health and glad tydings to your Maiesty.

King. Why Buckingham, is the Traitor *Cade* surpris'd? Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter Multitudes with Halsters about their Neckes.

Clif. He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld, And humbly thus with halters on their neckes, Expect your Highnesse doome of life, or death.

King. Then heauen set ope thy euilasting gates, To entertaine my vowes of thanks and praise, Souldiers, this day haue you redeem'd your liues, And shew'd how well you loue your Prince & Countrey: Continue still in this so good a minde, And Henry though he be infortunate, Assure your selues will neuer be vnkinde: And so with thanks, and pardon to you all, I do dismisse you to your severall Countries.

All. God saue the King, God saue the King.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please it your Grace to be aduertised, The Duke of Yorke is newly come from Ireland, And with a puissant and a mighty power Of Gallow-glasses and stout Kernes, Is marching hitherward in proud array, And still proclaimeth as he comes along, His Armes are onely to remoue from thee The Duke of Somerset, whom he tearmes a Traitor.

King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt *Cade* and Yorke distressed,

Like to a Ship, that hauing scap'd a Tempest, Is straight way calme, and boarded with a Pyrate. But now is *Cade* driuen backe, his men dispierc'd, And now is Yorke in Armes, to second him. I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him, And aske him what's the reason of these Armes: Tell him, Ile send Duke *Edmund* to the Tower, And *Somerset* we will commit thee thither, Vntill his Army be dismist from him.

Somerset. My Lord, Ile yeelde my selfe to prison willingly, Or vnto death, to do my Countrey good.

King. In any case, be not to rough in termes, For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language.

Buc. I will my Lord, and doubt not so to deale, As all things shall redound vnto your good.

King. Come wise, let's in, and learne to gouern better, For yet may England curse my wretched raigne.

Flourish.

Exit.

Enter Cade.

Cade. Fye on Ambitions: he on my selfe, that haue a sword, and yet am ready to famish. These fife daies haue I hid me in these Woods, and durst not peepe out, for all the Country is laid for me: but now am I so hungry, that if I might haue a Lease of my life for a thousand yeares, I could stay no longer. Wherefore on a Bricke wall haue I climb'd into this Garden, to see if I can eate Grasse, or picke a Sallet another while, which is not amisse to coole a mans stomacke this hot weather: and I think this word *Sallet* was borne to do me good: for many a time but for a Sallet, my braine-pan had bene cleft with a brown Bill; and many a time when I haue bene dry, & brauely marching, it hath seru'd me in steede of a quart pot to drinke in: and now the word *Sallet* must serue me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would liue turmoyled in the Court, And may enioy such quiet walks as these? This small inheritance my Father left me, Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy. I seeke not to waxe great by others warning, Or gather wealth I care not with what enuy: Sufficeth, that I haue maintaines my state, And sends the poore well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Heere's the Lord of the soile come to seize me for a stray, for entering his Fee-simple without leaue. A Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crownes of the King by carrying my head to him, but Ile make thee eate Iron like an Ostridge, and swallow my Sword like a great pin ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why rude Companion, whatsoere thou be, I know thee not, why then should I betray thee? Is't not enough to breake into my Garden, And like a Theefe to come to rob my grounds: Climbing my walles inspight of me the Owner, But thou wilt braue me with these sawcie termes?

Cade. Braue thee? I by the best blood that euer was broach'd, and beard thee to. Look on mee well, I haue eate no meate these fife dayes, yet come thou and thy fife men, and if I doe not leaue you all as dead as a doore naille, I pray God I may neuer eate grasse more.

Iden. Nay, it shall nere be said, while England stands, That *Alexander Iden* an Esquire of Kent, Tooke oddes to combat a poore famisht man. Oppose thy stedfast gazing eyes to mine, See if thou canst out-face me with thy looks: Set limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the lesser: Thy hand is but a finger to my fist, Thy legge a stick compared with this Truncheon, My foote shall fight with all the strength thou hast, And if mine arme be heaued in the Ayre, Thy graue is digg'd already in the earth: As for words, whose greatesse answer's words, Let this my sword report what speech forbeares.

Cade. By my Valour: the most compleate Champi-on that euer I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or cut not out the burly bon'd Clowne in chins of Beefe, ere thou sleepe in thy Sheath, I beseech Ioue on my knees thou mayst be turn'd to Hobnails.

Here they Fight.

O I am slaine, Famine and no other hath slaine me, let ten